

THE MOUNTAINEER.

"DO WHAT IS RIGHT, LET THE CONSEQUENCES FOLLOW!"

NO. 32.

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THE MOUNTAINEER

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JAMES FERGUSON,

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Original Poetry.

THE MODERN TRINITY PREACHING FRANK PRAETORI.

"You to her that is filthy and polluted to the uttering city! She obeyed not the voice, she refused not correction; she trusted not in the Lord, she drew not near to her God. Her princes within her are roaring lions; her judges are evening wolves, her people are light and darkness, her priests have polluted by and by, they have done violence to the law."

Isaiah 1:1-4.

"No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper."—Isaiah 54:17.

For years have you, since that hoarsest hour,

The people of each sovereign State,

With scorn and rage, a war did wage

Of unextinguishable hate.

These words thus ran:—"The impious man

You call a Prophet from the skies,

He taught and said, he delved for gold,

And fools were deemed his lawful prize!"

This story hushed, the Truth unrolled,

Flash'd 't the nation as the light;

Till the people began, as the devil's clan,

To raise their banner to "The Right!"

This was their song, both loud and long—

"Our craft, our greed is hard as steel,

If Truth shall swell it will conquer hell,

And thrust our ignorance forth, unweild."

"If Heaven hath blest this 'Son of the West'

With Revelation's torch of flame,

Our race is run, and each setting sun

Will kindle the deeper our proud names."

So the greatest and least, both people and priest,

Conspired, as one, themselves to sever;

They missed that mark, though their deeds

Laid the Prophet of God in a martyr's grave!

Then cheer'd high through the darkness

They felt secure as the earth's green sod,

Till Brigham withstood the roaring flood,

As he urged around the Saints of God!

Then homes were left, and many a wife

Of much that brightens life's rough way;

How many have slept, while thousands have

Wept.

The record shall tell in a coming day!

Over dreary plains, where cheering ruins

Are now plaining; o'er bridgeless streams;

These valleys form our peaceful home,

The rest of our cherished dream!

Politicians, with a show of strength,

Resolved to crush the manhood tried

With the weapons of war, confessed from far,

With the army's flower, the nation's pride!

"Twas, 'Treason,' they cried; 'Resistance be-

side

To constitutional governing claim!

"Twas folly and lies, and the devil's despise

The hypocrites chanting 'Their Christian

name!'

The virtues they prize (what a flimsy disguise)

Integrity, honesty,—thin as the air.

"Twas a gallery pretence, known to all men of

sense,

And their truth—'tis a moment, as echo

says 'Where!'

Now the slanderer's mark, from dawning till

dark,

So when nature is awaked in night and

rust,

The charges they made their own hearts but

betrayed;

But proved that true manhood they never

possessed;

And their thousands have rushed where the

quartz has been crushed.

To labor for gold, home, honor, and life;

The ready hands bent, soul and body both

wept.

Death eternal held through the bullet and

knife.

Revolution is felt where the sceptic all dwelt;

But Error is clothed in its gaudy dress:

The Truth they despise; so a surfeit of lies

Is the heritage now of the Pulpit and Press!

"Thus our rulers (they say) practice treason by

day!"

It bath ceased to offend as in days that are

passed;

Thy glory and shame, more than traitors

in name;

Selections.

SINGULAR PHASE OF IN-SANITY.

There is no end to the false impressions and delusions with which the mind may be affected. A physician was once called to see a man laboring under the fancy that he was converted into a tea-pot.

And when the physician endeavored to ridicule him out of the idea, he indignantly replied, "I am a tea-pot," and forming a semi-circle with one arm, placing his hands upon his hips, he said, "there is the spout."

Men have believed themselves converted into barrels rolled along the street. One case is recorded of a man who believed himself a clock, and would stand for hours at the head of the stairs clicking with his tongue. A respectable tradesman in England, even fancied himself metamorphosed into a seven-shilling piece, and took the precaution of requesting, as a particular favor of his friends, that if his wife should present him in payment, they would not give change for him. Some have supposed that many armed knights were engaged in battle with them. A sea-captain, in Philadelphia, believed, for many years, that he had a wolf in his liver. A madman in the Pennsylvania hospital believed that he was once a calf, and mentioned the name of the butcher who killed him, and the stall in the Philadelphia market on which his flesh was sold previously to his animating his present body. One man believed his legs made of butter, and with the greatest caution avoids the fire; another imagines them to be made of glass, and with extreme care wraps them in wooden boxes when he goes out to ride. A prince of Bourbon often supposed himself to be a plant and taking his stand in the garden, would insist upon being watered in common with the plants around him. A French gentleman imagined himself to be dead, and refused to eat. To prevent his dying of starvation, two persons were introduced to him in the character of the illustrious dead like himself, and they invited him, after some conversation respecting the world of shades, to dine with another distinguished but deceased person, Marshal Turin. The invited accepted this polite invitation, and made a hearty meal. Every day, while his fancy prevailed, it was necessary to invite him to the table of some ghost of rank or reputation. Yet in the other common affairs of life, the gentleman was not inattentive from attending to his own illusions.

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